



Music at Convocation Hall

Music at Convocation Hall II

Jolaine Kerley, soprano

Timothy Shantz, tenor

Jeremy Spurgeon, piano/harpsichord

Friday, January 12, 2007

7:15 pm *Pre-Concert Introduction*

Professor Alexandra Munn

Main floor, Convocation Hall

8:00 pm *Concert*



Convocation
Hall

Arts Building

University of Alberta



UNIVERSITY OF
ALBERTA

Program

Music for a while
Sweeter then Roses
Hark! The ech'ing Air

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Jolaine Kerley, soprano

Love's Philosophy (Percy Shelley)
From 'Three Shakespeare Songs'
Come away, Death
O Mistress Mine
Blow, Blow thou winter wind
Music (Percy Shelley)

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

Timothy Shantz, tenor

Sweet Chance, that led my steps abroad
Foxgloves
A Green Cornfield

Michael Head
(1900-1976)

Jolaine Kerley, soprano

Canticle I op. 40 "My beloved is mine"

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo
XXX "Veggio co' bei"

Timothy Shantz, tenor

Weep you no more sad fountains
It was a lover and his lass

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

Jolaine Kerley, soprano
Timothy Shantz, tenor

Intermission

From Rosy Bowers

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Jolaine Kerley, soprano

Linden Lea
Silent Noon

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

Timothy Shantz, tenor

Wake my Adonis

Charles Coleman
(d. 1664)

As I Walked Forth

Robert Johnson
(ca. 1583-1633)

Jolaine Kerley, soprano

The Plough Boy

arr. Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

The Foggy, Foggy Dew

The Sally Gardens

Timothy Shantz, tenor

Dear Harp of my Country

arr. Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

The last rose of Summer

Jolaine Kerley, soprano

Sound the Trumpet

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Jolaine Kerley, soprano
Timothy Shantz, tenor

Texts

Music for a while

Music for a while
Shall all your cares beguile:
Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd
And disdaining to be pleas'd,
Till Alecto free the dead
From their eternal bands,
Till the snakes drop from her head
And the whip from out her hands.

Sweeter than Roses

Sweeter than roses, or cool evening
breeze,
On a warm flowery shore, Was the
dear kiss
first trembling made me freeze,
Then shot like fire, all o'er.

What magic has victorious love!
For all I touch or see,
Since that dear kiss, I hourly prove,
All is love to me.

Hark! The ech'ing Air

Hark! The ech'ing air a triumph sing,
And all around pleas'd cupids clap
their wings.

Love's Philosophy

Text by Percy Shelley
The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix forever,
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle;--
Why not I with thine?

See! The mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven,
If it disdained it's brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;--
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

Come away, Death

Come away, come away, Death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend to greet
My poor corse, where my bones shall
be thrown:

A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

O Mistress Mine

O mistress mine, where are you
roaming,
O stay and hear, your true love's
coming,
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Ev'ry wiseman's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure;
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-
twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the
green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most
loving mere folly;
Then heigh-ho! the holly! This life is
most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the
green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most
loving mere folly;
Then heigh-ho! the holly! This life is
most jolly.

Music

Text by Percy Shelley

I pant for the music which is divine,
My heart in its thirst is a dying flow'r;
Pour forth the sound like enchanted
wine,
Loosen the notes in a silver show'r:
Like a herbless plain, for the gentle
rain,
I gasp, I faint till they wake again.

Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet
sound,
More, oh more, I am thirsting yet;
It loosens the serpent which care has
bound
Upon my heart to stifle it;
The dissolving strain through ev'ry
vein,
Passes into my heart and brain.

Sweet Chance, that let my steps abroad

Text by W. H. Davis

Sweet Chance, that let my steps
abroad,
Beyond the town, where wild flow'rs
grow
A rainbow and a cuckoo, Lord,
how rich and great the times are now!

Know, all ye sheep and cows, that
keep on staring
that I stand so long in grass that's wet
from heavy rain
A rainbow, and a cuckoo's song may
never come together again,
May never come This side the tomb.

Foxgloves

Text by Mary Webb

The foxglove bells, with lolling tongue,
Will not reveal what peals were rung
In faery, A thousand ages gone.

All the golden clappers hang
As if but now the changes rang;
Only from the mottled throat
Never any echoes float.

Quite forgotten, in the wood,
Pale, crowded steeples rise;
All the time that they have stood
None has heard their melodies.

Deep, deep in wizardry
All the foxglove belfries stand.
Should they startle over the land.
None would know what bells they be.

Never any wind can ring them,
Nor the great black bees that swing
them
Ev'ry crimson bell, downslanted,
Is so utterly enchanted.

The foxglove bells, with lolling tongue,
Will not reveal what peals were rung
In faery, A thousand ages gone.

A Green Cornfield

Text by Christina Rossetti

The earth was green, the sky was blue:

I saw and heard one sunny morn
A skylark hang between the two,
A singing speck above the corn;

The cornfield stretch'd a tender green
To right and left beside me walks;
I knew he had a nest unseen
Somewhere among the million stalks:

And as I paus'd to hear his song
While swift the sunny moments slid,
Perhaps his mate sat list'ning long,
And listen'd longer than I did.

Canticle no. 1 "My beloved is mine"

Text by Francis Quarles

Ev'n like two little banks divided
brooks...

That wash the pebbles with their
wanton streams,
And having ranged and searched a
thousand nooks
Meet both at length at silver breasted
Thames...
Where in a greater current they
conjoin.

So I my best beloved's am, So he is
mine!

Ev'n so we met... and after long
pursuit...

Ev'n so... we joined
We both became entire
No need for either to renew a suit
For I was flax, and he was flames of
fire
Our firm united souls did more than
twine
So I my best beloved's am, So he is
mine.

If all those glittering monarchs,
That command the servile quarters of
this earthly ball
Should tender in exchange their
shares of land
I would not change my fortunes for
them all

Canticle no. 1 "My beloved is mine"

(cont'd)

Their wealth is but a counter to my
coin:

The world's but theirs; But my
beloved's mine.

Nor time, nor place, nor chance, nor
death

Can bow my least desires, unto the
least remove

He's firmly mine by blood, I by his vow
He's mine by faith, and I am his by
love.

He's mine by water I am his by wine:
Thus I my best beloved's am
Thus he is mine.

He is my alter I his holy place
I am his guest and he my living food
I'm his by penitence, he mine by
grace

I'm his by purchase he is mine by
blood

He's my supporting elm and I his vine
Thus I my best beloved's am, thus he
is mine

He gives me wealth: I give him all my
vows:

I give him songs He gives me length
of days

With wreaths of grace he crowns my
longing brows

And I his temples with a crown of
praise

Which he accepts: an everlasting sign

That I my best beloved's am, that he
is mine.

Sonetto XXX

Text by Michelangelo

Veggio co' bei vostri occhi un dolce
lume,
Che co' miei ciechi già veder non
posso;
Porto co' vostri piedi un pondo
addosso,
Che de' mie zoppi non è già costume.
Volo con le vostr'ale senza piume;
Col vostr'ingegno al ciel sempre son
mosso;
Dal vostr'arbitrio son pallido e rosso,
Freddo al sol, caldo alle più fredde
brume.
Nel voler vostro è sol la voglia mia,
I mie' pensier nel vostro cor si fanno,
Nel vostro fiato son le mie parole.
Come luna da sè sol par ch'io sia;
Chè gli occhi nostri in ciel veder non
sanno
Se non quel tanto che n'accende il
sole.

I see through your lovely eyes a sweet
light
which through my blind ones I yet
cannot see;
I carry with your feet a burden
which with my lame ones I cannot;
I fly with your wings, having none of
my own;
with your spirit toward heaven I am
always moving;
by your will I turn pale or blush,
cold in the sun, warm in the coldest
weather.
Within your will alone is my will,
my thoughts within your bosom are
born,
in your breath are my words.
I am like the moon, alone,
which our eyes cannot see in the
heavens
except that it is illumined by the sun.

Weep you no more

Text anonymous

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heav'n's sun doth gently waste!
But my sun's heav'nly eyes
View not your weeping
That now lies sleeping,
Softly now, softly lies Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets;
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping,
Softly now, softly lies Sleeping.

It was a lover and his lass

Text by William Shakespeare

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, And a hey
nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,
In the springtime, the only pretty ring
time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey
nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing hey ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey
nonino,
How that life was but a flow'r
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

It was a lover and his lass (cont'd)

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey
nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime,
In the springtime, the only pretty ring
time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

From rosy bow'rs

Text by Thomas D'Urfey

From rosy bow'rs, where sleeps the
God of Love,
Hither, ye little waiting cupids fly;
Teach me in soft melodious songs to
move
with tender passion my heart's darling
joy.
Ah, let the soul of music tune my
voice,
To win dear Strephon, who my soul
enjoys.

Or if more influencing is to be brisk
and airy,
With a step and a bound, And a frisk
from the ground,
I will trip like any fairy.
As once on Ida dancing Were three
celestial bodies,
With an air, and a face, and a shape,
and a grace,
Let me charm like Beauty's Goddess.

Ah, 'tis in vain, 'tis all in vain:
Death and despair must end the fatal
pain:
Cold despair, disguised like snow and
rain,
Falls on my breast;
Bleak winds in tempests blow,
My veins all shiver and my fingers
glow;
My pulse beats a dead march for lost
repose,
And to a solid lump of ice my poor
fond heart is froze.

From rosy bow'rs (cont'd)

Or say, ye pow'rs, my peace to crown:
Shall I thaw myself and drown?
Amongst the foaming billows,
Increasing all with tears I shed,
In beds of ooze and crystal pillars
Lay down my lovesick head?

No, no no, I'll straight run mad:
That soon my heart will warm;
When once the sense is fled,
Love has no pow'r to charm:
Wild thro' the woods I'll fly;
Robes, locks shall thus be tore;
A thousand deaths I'll die,
'ere thus in vain adore.

Linden Lea

Text by William Barnes

Within the woodlands, flow'ry gladed,
By the oak trees' mossy moot,
The shining grass blades, timber-
shaded,
Now do quiver underfoot;
And birds do whistle overhead,
And water's bubbling in its bed;
And there, for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves, that lately were a-
springing,
Now do fade within the copse,
And painted birds do hush their
singing,
Up upon the timber tops;
And brown-leaved fruits a-turning red,
In cloudless sunshine overhead,
With fruit for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Let other folk make money faster
In the air of dark-roomed towns;
I don't dread a peevish master,
Though no man may heed my frowns.
I be free to go abroad,
Or take again my homeward road
To where, for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Silent Noon

Text by Dante Gabriel Rossetti

YOUR hand lie open in the long, fresh
grass, ---

The finger-points look through like
rosy blooms:

Your eyes smile peace. The pasture
gleams and glooms

'Neath billowing skies that scatter and
amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can
pass,

Are golden kingcup-fields with silver
edge

Where the cow-parsley skirts the
hawthorn hedge.

'Tis visible silence, still as the hour-
glass.

Deep in the sun-searched growths the
dragon-fly

Hangs like a blue thread loosened
from the sky,---

So this wing'd hour is dropped to us
from above.

Oh! Clasp we to our hearts, for
deathless dower,

This close-companioned inarticulate
hour

When twofold silence was the song of
love.

Wake my Adonis, do not die

Wake my Adonis, do not die

One life's enough for thee and I;

Where are thy looks, thy wiles,

Thy fears, thy frowns, thy smiles?

Alas, in vain I call,

One death hath snatched them all:

Yet death's not deadly in that face,

Death in those looks itself hath grace.

'Twas this, 'twas this I fear'd,

When thy pale ghost appear'd,

This I presag'd, when thundering Jove

Tore the best myrtle in my grove;

When my sick rosebuds lost their
smell,

And from my temples untouch'd fell:

And 'twas for some such thing

My dove first hung her wing.

Wake my Adonis, do not die (cont'd)

Whither art thou my Deity gone?

Venus, in Venus there is none:

In vain a goddess now am I,

Only to grieve and not to die:

But I will love my grief,

Make tears my tears relief,

And sorrow shall to me

A new Adonis be.

And this the fates shan't robe me of
whilst I

A goddess am to grieve and not to
die.

As I walked forth

As I walked forth one summer's day
to view the meadows green and gay,

a pleasant bower I espied
standing fast by the riverside,

and in't a maiden I heard cry

Alas, alas there's none ere loved as I.

The round the meadow she did walk
catching each flower by the stock,

such flowers as in the meadow grew
the deadman's thumb and herb all

blue,

and as she pull'd them still cried she,

Alas, alas there's none ere loved like
me.

The flowers of the sweetest scent

she bound about with knotty bents,

and as she bound them up in bands

she wept, she sighed and wrung her
hands,

Alas, alas, alas cried she,

Alas, alas there's none ere loved like
me.

When she had filled her apron full

of such green things that she could
cull,

the green leaves served her for her
bead

the flowers were pillows for her head,
then down she laid, no more did

speak,

Alas, alas with love her heart did
break

The Ploughboy

Traditional

A flaxen headed cowboy, as simple as
may be,
And next a merry ploughboy, I
whistled o'er the lea;
But now a saucy footman I strut in
worsted lace,
And soon I'll be a butler, and why my
jolly face.

When steward I'm promoted I'll snip
the tradesman's bill,
My master's coffers empty, my
pockets for to fill.
When lolling in my chariot so great a
man I'll be,
So great a man, so great a man, so
great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little ploughboy who
whistled o'er the lea,

I'll buy votes at elections, and when
I've made the pelf,
I'll stand poll for the parliament, and
then vote in myself.
Whatever's good for me, sir, I never
will oppose:
When all my ayes are sold off, why
then I'll sell my noes.

I'll joke, harangue and paragraph, with
speeches charm the ear,
And when I'm tired on my legs, then
I'll sit down a peer.
In court or city honour so great a man
I'll be,
So great a man, so great a man, so
great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little ploughboy who
whistled oe'r the lea.

The foggy, foggy dew

Traditional

When I was a bachelor I lived all
alone, and I worked at the weaver's
trade
And the only, only thing that I ever did
wrong, was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the winter time, and in
the summer too.

The foggy, foggy dew (cont'd)

And the only, only thing I did that was
wrong,
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy
dew.

One night she came to my bedside
when I lay fast asleep
She laid her head upon my bed and
she began to weep.
She sighed, she cried, she damn' near
died, she said: What shall I do?
So I hauled her into bed and I covered
up her head,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy
dew.

Oh I am a bachelor and I live with my
son, and we work at the weaver's
trade.
And ev'ry single time that I look into
his eyes, he reminds me of the fair
young maid.
He reminds me of the winter time, and
of the summer too,
And of the many, many times that I
held her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy
dew.

The Sally Gardens

William Butler Yeats

Down by the Salley Gardens my love
and I did meet,
She passed the Salley Gardens with
little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy as the
leaves grow on the tree,
But I being young and foolish with her
did not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did
stand.
And on my leaning shoulder she laid
her snow-white hand;
She bid me take life easy as the grass
grows on the weirs,
But I was young and foolish, and now
am full of tears.

Dear Harp of my Country

Text by Thomas Moore

Dear Harp of my Country! In darkness
I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung
o'er thee long;
When proudly my own island Harp! I
unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light,
freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love and the light
tone of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest
thrill;
But so oft hast thou echo'd the deep
sigh of sadness,
That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from
thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! Farewell to
thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last
we shall twine;
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame
on they slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less
unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldiers, or
lover,
Have throb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory
alone;
I was but as the wind. Passing
heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked
was thy own!

The last rose of summer

Text by Thomas Moore

'Tis the last rose of summer, Left
blooming alone;
All her lovely companions are faded
and gone;
No flow'r of her kindred, No rosebud is
nigh
To reflect back her blushes, Or give
sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To
pine on her stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping, Go,
sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter Thy leaves o'er
the bed
Where thy mates of the garden Lie
senseless and dead.

So soon may I follow, When
friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle The
gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd, And
fond ones are flown,
Oh! Who would inhabit This bleak
world alone?

Sound the Trumpet

Sound the trumpet till around
You make the list'ning shores
rebound.
On the sprightly hautboy play,
All the instruments of joy,
That skillful numbers can employ
To celebrate the glories of this day.

Program Notes

by Emily Grieve

Secular art song has a prominent place in the history of English music, especially in the twentieth century. Nationalistic feelings caused many important composers, including Benjamin Britten and Ralph Vaughan Williams, to draw inspiration from the folk song traditions of the British Isles. English composers of the twentieth century also looked to Britain's rich literary past for texts to set to music. Several great poets of the English language including William Shakespeare, Percy Shelley, and the Rossettis are represented in the selection of songs for this concert. Also featured in tonight's programme are songs and texts from Elizabethan and Jacobean England, which became something of a golden age in British drama, literature, and music for twentieth century musicians such as Vaughan Williams. Secular songs and theatre numbers by one of the best known composers from the 17th century, Henry Purcell, will also be heard tonight along with some interesting pieces by his predecessors, Charles Coleman and Robert Johnson.

Henry Purcell (1659-1695) is one of England's best known composers, especially for his contributions to early English opera. Although Purcell spent most of his career serving the Royal court, he also sought outside employment in the theatre. Among the compositions he was most admired for are his songs for plays and masques; odes, welcome songs and mad songs, and his shorter solo secular songs. Purcell began his musical career writing songs. His versatility as a vocal composer is already apparent in his earlier songs in which light verse was set in the form of strophic dances and more serious verse was set in the declamatory style of the grave air with inflections mimicking speech similar to recitative. Later in his career, Purcell incorporated Italianate features into his songs such as ground bass, multi-sectional form and more elaborate harmony. Although this programme features a wide variety of songs by Purcell, several of their texts contain similar themes. "Music for a while" is a song praising music for the repose that it brings. A different function of music is expressed in "Hark! The ech'ing Air" and "Sound the Trumpet," where joyful music serves as a form of praise. The other songs by Purcell on this programme deal with love. "Sweeter than Roses" describes the pleasures and virtues of love, whereas "From rosy bow'rs" portrays the pangs of lovesickness.

Roger Quilter (1877-1953) was a twentieth-century British composer best known for his songs. Despite his German training, his musical style is definitively English with chromatic harmonies and wistful melodies. Like Britten, Quilter also arranged many traditional folk songs and drew texts and inspiration for his original songs from English literature. "Come Away Death" is a setting of a text by Shakespeare from *Twelfth Night*, which is meant to be sung in the play. The persona portrayed in the song is dying from love and wishes his remains to be cast out of society since his love is unrequited. The next song by Quilter on tonight's programme is "Love's Philosophy," a setting of a poem by Percy Shelley that describes a persona pleading his beloved to return his affection as he draws parallels between the pairings in nature and his own love. The text of the ensuing song is also by Shelley, but the theme shifts from love to the praise of music, which Shelley compares to a drink that he thirsts for. "It was a Lover

and his Lass" is another Shakespeare song by Quilter. The text is also from *Twelfth Night* and is also meant to be sung in the play. Although the words at first appear to be a light ditty about young lovers in the springtime, the text really laments that love seems to be a fleeting pleasure enjoyed only by the young, whose beauty will eventually fade as will the springtime flowers. The final song by Quilter on tonight's programme, "Weep you no More," is a setting of an anonymous text that discusses mourning. The long, sweeping musical lines reflect the moving attempts of the poet to draw comfort from the metaphor of death as gentle sleep.

Michael Head (1900-1976) was a British singer, pianist and composer. He composed over 100 songs, many of which he performed himself in concert. Head's musical style is melodically and harmonically conservative and his songs often bring popular ballads to mind. However, the well crafted simplicity of Head's songs allows them to still be enjoyed by audiences and performers. The three songs by Head on tonight's programme also draw inspiration from the English countryside. "Sweet Chance that Led My Steps Abroad," a setting of a poem by W.H. Davies, praises chance for bringing the poet out of the town into the countryside and allowing him to take joy from his surroundings. The majesty and religiosity of nature is expressed in "Foxgloves," a setting of a poem by Mary Webb that compares the silent bell-shaped flowers of the foxglove to church bells. The Pre-Raphaelite poet Christina Rossetti wrote the text of "A Green Cornfield," another detailed description of a captivating moment in nature.

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958) was one of the first great British composers of the twentieth century to associate himself with English nationalism. Vaughan Williams struggled with composition as a youth, but found inspiration in musical and literary sources from his native country. A strong believer that music should be for all people rather than the educated elite, Vaughan Williams revered popular and folk traditions. His musical style was progressive for his time, while still retaining the pleasant sound and free, outdoorsy feeling of folk music. The two songs by Vaughan Williams on this programme, "Linden Lea," and "Silent Noon," are two of his most popular early pieces. The former is a setting of a poem in praise of nature by William Barnes, which has the simplicity of a folksong, while the latter is a gentle, intimate setting of a poetic description of love and nature by Percy Shelley.

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976) is most famous for his revival of English opera. He was an excellent composer of vocal music, and he wrote a significant amount of art song. Britten's nationalism is apparent in his solo songs. His interest in British music and literature from the 17th century is expressed through his settings of Elizabethan and Jacobean texts.

Canticle I Op. 40, "My Beloved is Mine," is a setting of a poem by the 17th century writer, Francis Quarles. The text of the Canticle is an elaborate expression of love and fidelity through many metaphors of pairing and joining. The poet claims that he would not exchange his love for the wealth of kings, and near the conclusion of the poem the beloved becomes the subject of religious

reverence and worship. The passionate love portrayed in the Canticum may reflect Britten's feelings for his life partner, Peter Pears, a professional tenor to whom this song is dedicated. Britten's setting of Quarles' poem also relates to a 17th century musical genre, the secular solo cantata, which is an extended, dramatic piece often divided into several sections.

Britten's Sonetto XXX is a setting of a sonnet by Michelangelo; although it is sung in Italian, the metaphorical meaning of the poem parallels the sentiments of the Elizabethan and Jacobean texts that comprise much of the programme. Like the Canticum, this song is dedicated to Peter Pears and is an intense expression of love. Britten's seamless melody seems to be a twentieth century reinterpretation of the bel canto singing technique from 18th century Italian opera, which gives the song a lyrical intensity that evokes the necessity of the beloved to the poet.

Britten's interest in historical English literature and music also extended into the realm of traditional folksong. He arranged several volumes of folksongs from different areas of the British Isles for concert performance, striving to make them into art songs by adding inventive accompaniments and chromatic harmonies to the simple, lyrical melodies. According to Britten, it was the quiet, atmospheric quality of folk songs that attracted him to them, "Like much of the English countryside they creep into the affections rather than taking them by storm." Images of nature are prominent throughout many of the traditional folksongs set by Britten. The ethereal, atmospheric accompaniment of "The Sally Gardens," "Dear Harp of My Country," and "The Last Rose of Summer" matches the reflective beauty of their texts and melodies. In contrast, "The Plough Boy" is light and humorous, expressing the youthful frivolity of the text; interestingly, although this song has become one of Britten's most popular folksong arrangements, it is not a folksong at all, but is actually from an 18th opera by William Shield called *The Farmer*.

Robert Johnson (1583-1633) was a composer and lutenist appointed to the court of James I of England. Johnson wrote music for many theatre productions including plays by Ben Jonson. The theatrical songs by Robert Johnson are declamatory ayres that are dramatic in their expression and incorporate the Italian technique of monody, which is a simple melody above homophonic chords. "As I Walked Forth," depicts death from love, a very common theme in early Western literature, and highlights the transience of love and life by comparing them to flowers in the springtime.

Charles Coleman (?-1664) was another musician in the royal court. He was very versatile; as well as composing he played the lute, sang, and played the viol. An accomplished musician, Coleman often held rehearsals of the Kings Musick in his home and composed and performed for many important court events. He received a MusD from Cambridge in 1651 for his dedication to music. Theatre music and songs were among the genres in which Coleman composed. The interesting tonality of his songs make them especially interesting and expressive as can be heard in "Wake My Adonis do not Die," Venus's lament on the death of her mortal lover, Adonis from Cartwright's play, *The Lady Errant*.

Musicians

Jolaine Kerley received her Bachelor of Music degree in vocal performance in 1996, and a Master of Music degree in vocal performance and choral conducting in 2000 from the University of Alberta. Jolaine is currently in the final stages of her Doctor of Music degree at Indiana University, with a major in vocal performance through the Early Music Institute. Jolaine has studied voice with Dr Alan Ord, Eva Bostrand, Paul Elliott and Mary Ann Hart. Jolaine has been a sessional instructor at the University of Alberta since 2004.

Jolaine has been featured as soloist in Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*, and *St. John's Passion*, Mozart's *Mass in C minor*, Mozart's *Requiem*, Czerny's *Mass No. 8 in C Major*, Ivan Moody's *Passion and Resurrection*, G. F. Händel's *Messiah*, Haydn's *Paukenmesse* and *Theresienmesse*, and Mozart's *Exsultate Jubilate* with musical ensembles Pro Coro Canada, the Richard Eaton Singers, the Alberta Baroque Orchestra, and the Alberta Philharmonic Orchestra. Jolaine has also been heard as soloist with the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra in cantatas of J. S. Bach. Most recently, Jolaine performed as soloist in Handel's *Gloria*, Beethoven's *Mass in C*, Mozart's *Vesperae solennes de Confessore*, and Mozart's *Coronation Mass*. Jolaine has been featured as a soloist with the Carmel Bach Festival Chorale in Carmel, California. Her most recent solo engagements with the festival comprise both solo and choral sacred music of Monteverdi, including his *Vespro della Beata Vergine*.

Timothy Shantz is at home both as a concert and oratorio singer and choral conductor. Recent solo performances include a recital of early Italian music at the University of Alberta in the fall of 2005, and Mozart's *Vesperae Solennes de Confessore* and Beethoven's *Mass in C* with the Richard Eaton Singers in February 2006. Shantz sang under the baton of Pierre Boulez and Daniel Reuss at the Lucerne Festival Academy in September 2006 and is engaged to perform the Evangelist role in Bach's *St. John Passion* early 2007. Other performing highlights include the Evangelist role in Ivan Moody's *Passion & Resurrection*, Britten's *Cantata Misericordium*, and Handel's *Messiah*, released on CD. Timothy has performed with ensembles throughout North America, including the Alberta Baroque Ensemble, Richard Eaton Singers, Bloomington Chamber Singers, University of New Hampshire Choirs, Pro Coro Canada, Ensemble de la Rue, the National Youth Choir of Canada, the Manitoba Summer Academy Choir, Spiritus Chamber Choir and VoiceScapes of Calgary. He has studied voice with Alan Bennett at Indiana University. Previous teachers include Eva Bostrand, David Falk, and Victor Martens. Shantz is a candidate for the Doctor of Music degree in Choral Conducting at Indiana University in Bloomington, Indiana.

Shantz is currently Music Director of the Windsor Classic Chorale, Choir Director at the University of Windsor, and Chorusmaster with the Windsor Symphony Orchestra Chorus. In 2003 he founded New Art Voices, a chamber choir specializing in contemporary repertoire. In 2004, he was honoured to be chosen as Apprentice Conductor for the National Youth Choir of Canada. Recent conducting highlights include Vivaldi's *Gloria* with the University of Windsor Choirs, Faure's *Requiem* and Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* with the Windsor Classic Chorale and the Windsor Symphony, Duruflé's *Requiem* with the Cantata Singers of Ottawa and Rachmaninoff's *All-Night Vigil* with New Art Voices. In

recent years Shantz has also conducted performances of Martin's *Messe pour double chœur a cappella*, Poulenc's *Quatre motet pour le temps de Noël*, Puccini's *Messa di Gloria*, Mozart's *Requiem*, Pärt's *Berliner Messe*, and Taverner's *Missa 'Gloria Tibi Trinitas'*. He has had the opportunity to prepare choruses for performances of Verdi's *Requiem* and Handel's *Messiah* and the opera choruses for Rossini's *La Cenerentola*, Puccini's *Tosca* and Verdi's *Falstaff*. In July 2005, he was guest Conductor of the Nova Scotia Youth Choir Camp. Previous conducting positions have included Interim Conductor of Edmonton's Richard Eaton Singers (2001-2002), Director of Choirs at The King's University College (1999-2002) and Conductor of the St. David's Welsh Male Voice Choir (1998-2001). Conducting teachers have included John Poole, Jan Harrington, Paul Hillier, Frieder Bernius, Leonard Ratzlaff, Ivars Taurins, and Noel Edison.

British-born **Jeremy Spurgeon** won scholarships to study both piano accompaniment and organ at the Royal Northern College of Music, Manchester and later studied organ with Lionel Rogg at the Geneva Conservatoire where he gained the Premier Prix de la Classe de Virtuosité. In 1980 he came to Edmonton as director of music at All Saints' Cathedral and has since appeared in concert with many Canadian and international ensembles, singers and instrumentalists, including the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra, Richard Eaton Singers, Pro Coro Canada and Edmonton Opera. Jeremy has performed as piano accompanist and organist across Canada, Europe and in the USA.

Upcoming Events

January

19 Friday, 8:00 pm

Music at Convocation Hall I

Joachim Segger, piano

Beethoven Piano Sonatas composed between 1816 and 1822: Sonata, Op 101; Sonata, Op 110; Sonata, Op 111
Admission: \$15/stud/sen, \$20/adult

21 Sunday, 3:00 pm

Visiting Artist Recital

Richard Raymond, piano

Admission: \$15/stud/sen, \$20/adult

22 Monday, 12:00 pm

Noon Hour Organ Recital

A variety of repertoire played by students, faculty and guests of the University of Alberta

Department of Music

Free admission

23 Tuesday, 3:30-5:00 pm

Piano Masterclass

Visiting Artist Richard Raymond

Free admission

26 Friday, 8:00 pm

Music at Convocation Hall II

Guillaume Tardif, violin

Roger Admiral, piano

Paganini 24 Caprices, Op 1

(version with piano)

Admission: \$15/stud/sen, \$20/adult

28 Sunday, 8:00 pm

Master of Music Recital

Siu Ling Chiu, Choral Conducting

Free admission



Unless otherwise indicated Convocation Hall, Arts Building,
Please note: All concerts and events are subject to change without notice.
Please call 492-0601 to confirm concerts (after office hours a recorded message will inform you of any changes to our schedule).